I meane *Hortentio* is afeard of you.
Wid. He that is giddie thinkes the world turns round.
Petr. Roundly replied.
Kate. Mistris how meane you that?
Wid. Thus I conceiue by him.
Petr. Conceiues by me, how likes *Hortensio* that?
Hor. My Widdow sayes, thus she conceiues her tale.
Petr. Verie well mended: kisse him for that good Widdow.
Kate. He that is giddie thinkes the world turnes round,
I pray you tell me what you meant by that.
Wid. Your husband being troubled with a shrew,
Measures my husbands sorrow, by his woe:
And now you know my meaning.
Kate. A verie meane meaning,
Wid. Right. I meane you.
Kat. And I am meane indeed, respecting you.
Petr. To her *Kate.*
Hor. To her *Widdow.*
Petr. A hundred marks, my *Kate* does put her down.
Hor. That's my office
Petr. Spoke like an Officer: ha to thee Lad.
Drinkes to Hortensio.
Bap. How likes *Gremio* these quicke witted folkes?
Gre. Beleeue me sir, they But together well.
Bian. Head, and But an hastie witted bodie,
Would say your Head and But were head and horne.
Vin. I Mistris Bride, hath that awakened you?
Bian. I, but not frighted me, therefore Ile sleepe againe.
Petr. Nay that you shall not since you haue begun:
Haue at you for a better Iest or too.
Bian. Am I your Bird, I meane to shift my bush,
And then pursue me as you draw my Bow.
You are welcome all. *Exit Bianca.*
Petr. She hath preuented me, here signior *Tranio,*
This bird you aim'd at, though you hit her not,
Therefore a health to all that shot and mist.
Tri. Oh sir, *Lucentio* slipt me like his Gray-hound,
Which runs himselfe, and catches for his Master.
Petr. A good swift simile, but something currish.

Tra. 'Tis well sir that you hunt
'Tis thought your Deere does ho
Bap. Oh, oh *Petuchio, Tran*
Luc. I thanke thee for that gi
Hor. Confesse, confesse, hath
Petr. A has a little gald me I c
And as the Iest did glaunce away
'Tis ten to one it maim'd you too
Bap. Now in good sadnesse so
I thinke thou hast the veriest shr
Petr. Well I say no: and the
Let's each one send vnto his wife
And he whose wife is most obed
To come at first when he doth se
Shall win the wager which we w
Hort. Content what's the w
Luc. Twentie crownes.
Petr. Twentie crownes.
Ile venture so much of my Haw
But twentie times so much vpo
Luc. A hundred then.
Hor. Content.
Petr. A match 'tis done.
Hor. Who shall begin?
Luc. That will I.
Goe *Biondello*, bid your Mistri
Bio. I goe.
Bap. Sonne Ile be you halfe
Luc. Ile haue no halues: Ile
Enter Biondel
How now, what newes?
Bion. Sir, my Mistris sends
That she is busie, and shee cann
Petr. How? she's a busie and she
Gre. I, and a kinde one too:
Praie God sir your wife send yo
Petr. I hope better.
Hor. Sirra *Biondello*, goe an
forthwith.

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